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Andrew Price, Editor

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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

Pat Magee.

Walkin' wid Pat Magee.
Down by the Tullach bog.
"Mind where y're settin' yere sherp," says he,
"I est yez put yer foot on a frog.
Frogs is the devil," says he,
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"A' I carried yez over to yondher wall
The sorry a frog we'd see."

Sittin' wid Pat Magee
A-top of a loose built wall.
"It's unaisy I am in my mind," says he
"Dreadin' the stones might fall.
Stones is the devil to slip,
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"I gave yez waist a bit of a clip
The sorry a fear there'd be."

Talkin' wid Pat Magee,
Wid the arm av him round me waist.
An' the red sun sinkin', "Aghra," says he,
"Will yez let me spake to the praste?
Delays is the devil's delight.
An' I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av the two of us settle this matter to-night."
"Tis married next week we'd be."
Lena Gyles, in Temple Bar.

County Sketches.

IV. THE SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Miss Isabel Evans had applied for the Hickory Hollow School and had done everything she could do to get it before she was elected teacher. Whereas the Hickory Hollow School should have had to get down on bended knees to secure her, for teaching that school was a thankless task, while Miss Isabel was a fine girl, fresh and wholesome and good to have near.

She had been born and bred in the city, and for reasons not necessary to be detailed here she was forced to earn her own living, and she naturally took to teaching school. By special acts of Providence do such delightful girls go into the school-room to educate and refine by their presence the youth of the land.

Under the West Virginia laws, the supervision and local government of a school is solely in the hands of three trustees who are appointed for a term, and who aim to exercise as much tyranny as they can squeeze out of the office, if they take any interest in it whatever. Unfortunately the West Virginia trustee, when he takes any steps in office at all, is apt to be like the author of all mischief, active only in evil. Too many good men remain dormant while their more contentious colleagues are making trouble for some unfortunate teacher.

Hickory Hollow had its full quota of three trustees. Ike Adams was the contentious member who always acted from conscientious motives, and he considered it his duty as an official to make the teacher's life miserable. The way he harried the school teacher showed him to be very ingenious in inventing tortures. He represented the worst type of petty tyrant who made use of every atom of his power. He was the owner of a small farm, and at the time of which we write he was struggling with a debt which encumbered his land, and which he was slowly but surely reducing.

The second trustee, Martin J. Frame, was a hard headed old farmer who was naturally a mean man and who if necessary could nerve himself to a desperate deed. Adams was just a gad fly, but Frame was a copperhead. But he flew at higher quarry than a school teacher, and excepting the fact that he turned a cold eye of disapproval on all that the school teacher did, he was not a bad man to have as trustee. He was one of those cranky trustees who are always protesting against a woman teacher. He always made the point that he wanted a man teacher.

The remaining trustee was John Harmon, a good looking young bachelor about thirty years old. He owed his appointment to the fact, probably, that he was the richest and most influential man of the neighborhood. He refrained from taking any active part in the school matters, reminding others of the fact that he had no children to send to school. He paid about seventy dollars tax each year to the schools, and he had a deep-seated prejudice against the whole system, and held his office

as trustee only for the reason that it was less trouble to serve than it was to resign.

Pretty Miss Isabel had no business teaching school. She was best suited for some good man to worship as his wife, but she was twenty-one and he had not come along yet, and she thought she could make herself useful teaching school. It was late in the year to apply for a school, but her boy cousin took her to see the trustees of the Hickory Hollow School.

Ike Adams was first interviewed and though he did not reply favorably to her application was inwardly very much pleased, for his mortal enemy, an old field school-teacher named Anthony Carter, had applied for the school, and it looked like this would be the only application and they would have to accept him. The Hickory Hollow neighborhood was such a great gossiping centre that school-teachers were a little shy of it, and such a thing as the school hunting teacher had never been heard of in the county of which we write.

When they interviewed Martin Frame on the subject he took particular pleasure in disappointing them. "See here," he said, "I've got two strips of boys meaner'n gar broth, and a little wisp of a woman like you can't manage 'em. I like a man to flail some sense into them. I'll have to vote for Carter."

Here was one neutral and one antagonistic, with one more trustee to see. They drove to the big farm John Harmon owned and where he lived. They found him in the barn-yard among his cattle, and he came to meet the strangers with the air of a man in his own domain. When he heard their business he looked at the young lady and seemed somewhat doubtful.

"Are you sure you want to teach these heathen over here. I don't believe you know what you are asking for. I'd sooner drive balky mules."

"I can't choose, sir. I've got a certificate and all the other schools are taken. I will do my best," she added bravely.

"Well, I'll help you all I can, and if you get the school you mustn't blame me if you have a time with it. One thing sure, I won't let them worry you. Tom, (to the boy), you drive over to Alex Winston's—my brother-in-law, Miss, and I'll ride down and corral the other trustee and make them put you out of your misery. You are sure you want the school are you? Well, don't be too hard on me if I vote for you."

Miss Isabel and her boy cousin drove to the adjoining farm, and (to the visit was a little informal, they were welcomed by Mrs. Winston. The boy went fishing down a little trout stream as soon as possible, and the two women found they would suit each other and spent a pleasant day. Late in the afternoon John had ridden in on his big sorrel horse to tell Isabel she had been elected teacher. He was not surprised to hear his sister say to him as he left: "I like her, John. Her father and mother both died last December. He was a minister in our church and she has n't any money mach. If she wants to board with me she shall do it." And Allie Winston took a stand in the way of a woman who owns the farms on which she lives.

In due time the school opened and Miss Isabel found teaching the Hickory Hollow school not as bad as it had been painted. A storm was brewing for her, however, of which she was unconscious. Mrs. Winston and she were great friends. Her pupils loved her and she had lots of theories as to teaching to put in practice. Ike Adams had voted for her out of hate to her opponent, and this rendered him dangerous. He had an indictment of numerous counts about prepared, and after the school had gone on two months and Isabel began to feel that she was self-reliant and had some work to do the storm was about to break.

During those two months of the

most beautiful weather Harmon, the trustee, had at least shown some interest in the teacher, if not in the school. It was remarkable how often he would happen to come along the road just as school was out and speak to the teacher and walk with her to his sister's. He would get down from his horse looking very uncomfortable, and not the nobleman that Isabel had seen him look on his horse when he did not know she was looking at him. One day they stopped on the brow of a hill, and Harmon showed her his lands and cattle, and he seemed to be keeping something back that Isabel would have been a fool not to understand. But what she thought of Mr. Harmon in those days is something which the mind of man is not to know.

It was shortly after that, Ike Adams got his mine ready. He would break up that school, and Martin Frame was a good second. One day Mrs. Winston had her special riding horse saddled and went to see her brother.

"That pesky Ike Adams," she said, "is trying to break up Isabel's school, and I want you to make him behave himself. That girl, John, is the only woman I have ever seen I wanted for a sister, and I want you to put a spider in the old fellow's dough. What do you think of Isabel, John?" But John did not say, for if he failed in what was in his mind he did not want anybody to know.

On a short time Adams came to see John. It was to notify him to attend a meeting of the trustees at the school-house Friday evening to make the new teacher walk the plank. It was the regular three days notice. The new-fangled ways of the teacher did not suit Mr. Adams. "Going to buy a flag and put it on the school-house," said the old man. "I never seen one of them dog-gone rags captin' when they was shootin' at me, and I've got a bullet in my hip now that came from the neighborhood of one of 'em. Putting on the black-board when flowers git ripe, and when partridges nest, and they cut corn, wastin' time that way! Lickin' my little Abe fer sassin' her, and lettin' them dumb Parson's younguns miss every word in the spellin' lesson and not sayin' beans to 'em! Makin' my boy Tom take his gun outen the school-house, when he had a squirrel load in it, and them dog-gone boys hidin' it till it got rusty! Makin' the boys raise their caps to her like biggers! We're goin' to meet down there next Friday and tek the school away from her."

John Harmon went away that evening and when the young school teacher, having been notified of the meeting, looked out that Friday afternoon and saw Ike Adams and Martin Frame sitting side by side on a fallen log and the third trustee nowhere in sight, her heart failed her. There they sat waiting for the school to close, like two wild animals ready to rend her. She had builded so much on the hope that John Harmon would appear as her champion. She passed a bad half-hour and then dismissed her school, and the children having reluctantly gone, she waited for her executioners. She was badly frightened as the two trustees came towards her, but her heart gave a great bound as she saw John Harmon coming through the red brush. He was walking, and it was the first time she had ever seen him away from home without his horse. The trustees gathered in the school-house, and Ike Adams said he guessed the meeting had better come to order and was working up sufficient passion to do his dirty work, when Harmon said:

"Ike, before you get down to business I just wanted to tell you I'd traded for some papers of yours. Old man Middleton wanted the money, and counted it up and I took it up because he gave me a good shave on it. It footed up \$698.00. He offered it to me for \$698 even, and as I saw a chance to make ninety cents I thought I had better do it. He assigned me the benefit of the deed

of trust, too. Now I want to know if you have any objections to the way this school is being conducted this term."

Old Ike gave a gasp and gulped a time or two, and said if it suited John it suited him.

"And, Mart, before we go into business, I just wanted to tell you that the County Court appointed me superintendent of the new road you are making around the end of Callahan Mountain, and I thought I'd go over in the morning and trustee it for you. Now how do you like Miss Isabel as a teacher?"

Martin had plenty of grim humor and was quick to take a hint. He turned to the young lady and said: "Miss Isabel, I thought I'd come in and tell you that I have been converted and I think women teachers air the very thing. You've taught in this here house, and my boys have enough manners ter clerk in a store. Thought I'd jest dray in and see if you'd take the school next year."

Adams said nothing more, and he and Frame took their leave immediately. John stepped to the door and saw them ride off. He turned to ask the girl if he could walk home with her, and saw her sitting with her head on her desk crying. He sat down and putting his arm around her told her a story heard only by her ear and which therefore can not be given here, but they must have patched up some sort of a compromise for as they entered the hall, warm-hearted Allie Winston ran to them and kissed them both and said she was so glad.

Shortly Isabel resigned the school to a young man teacher and went home and John went for her at Christmas, and as he brought her home they met old Martin Frame in the road. He stopped them and wanted to know what business John and Ike Adams had in taking away the school from the only woman teacher he ever had any use for.

THE COLLINS RELATIONSHIP.

Descended from John Collins—Irish Emigrant, About 1798.

BY W. T. P.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton County, where he met and married Barbara Fall. He first settled on the Dunwoody place near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Pocahontas County, and settled on the Greenbrier, on lands at present held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvement begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; and Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio.

Susannah became Mrs. George Nottingham and lived in Athens County, Ohio.

Elizabeth became Mrs. William Queen and went to Marion County, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, Senior, we learn that John Collins, Junior, was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James Collins went to Lawrence County, Ohio, married Henrietta, daughter of Judge Davidson, and settled seven miles below Ironton, and reared a large family. He was a prominent, prosperous citizen.

Lewis Collins was facetiously called the "Monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence-builder, and mowder. He belied many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one, and, strange to say, he had more pugilistic knock-outs than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas County where he met and married Sally Boles, and then settled in Upshur County. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary.

James Collins, of Lewis, married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business.

Elizabeth became Mrs. Sampson Jordan.

Charles Collins never married and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinnberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given:

Martha became Mrs. John Conaway and lived in Upshur County.

Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin.

Nancy Collins married William Cassell and lived on Back Mountain. Mention of her family in the Cassell Sketches.

John Collins married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in The Hills, and settled in Upshur County. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county.

Benjamin Collins married Margaret Shinnberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter Charles and Emma, who became John Shinnberry's first wife.

Andrew Collins married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs. Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs. John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead. James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married V. Hoover and lives on L.

Andrew Collins

May Collins

Ellie's Report.

Samuel and Susan died in youth. Mary Elizabeth became Mrs. Amos Nottingham lives at Beech Flats on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson and lives at Wetumpka, Alabama. Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis and Adam Hevener.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. McNeel's Cavalry.

Sally Joyce, of Charles Collins, of John, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur. One son, John William Hayes became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimar, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda, who became the wife of a Rev. Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Thus with the patient assistance of the venerable William H. Collins the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now. The services of good, patient and toiling people should be remembered and duly appreciated by the intelligent and grateful citizenship of Pocahontas, of which we are justly proud.

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is sometimes gratified in an unexpected fashion. This, for example, is the view of Englishmen taken by an intelligent Chinaman who recently visited that country. "They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly upon their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long trips into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They sit down at the same table with women, and the women are served first." In that the Chinamen has not only pictured his host as he saw them. He has with equal fidelity and force pictured himself.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow and Moore, Edray.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.